

THE ST. JOSEPH OBSERVER

FRANK FREYTAG
Editor and Publisher.

311 EDMOND STREET.
TELEPHONE.....MAIN 595
Business or Editorial.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

Per Year.....\$1.00
Advertising Rates on Application.

Address All Communications to
THE OBSERVER
311 Edmond St. St. Joseph, Mo.

Entered at the Postoffice in St. Joseph, Missouri, as Second Class Mail Matter.

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HOPE 'T'WILL NOT BE FATAL.

It was on Sept. 1st, 1904, that this paper first made its appearance, and therefore this issue inaugurates the advent of its thirtieth year—but let it be stated here and now that its editor has no fear of any number 13; black cat-cross-the-road—or other fantastic superstitions—his fears are with the life and material ones.

During these twelve years this paper has attempted to do its duty to its constituents and community as it saw the light. It has done its best in expounding the truths of the gospel of democracy, and has sought in its own way to be of some service to our great President Wilson, and this country through advancing the interests of the militant democratic party now so valiantly and unflinchingly administering the affairs of the nation in this time of stress and strife, and in which Democratic party this paper believes as it does in the Bible.

If its efforts have met with your approval and support this Observer thanks you for that token of confidence. If on the other hand you have not approved of its ideas and the discipline taught, we know that if you will "speak up" for another thirteen years you will either be converted to the truths of the doctrine of Jefferson, Jackson, Monroe and Wilson, or—you will be dead.

FRANK FREYTAG.

JUST NOTICE THE CONTRAST.

If you have been a vacationist this summer—or if you are a business man and have had occasion to use the railroads, you probably think that you know what war is—for you have found higher rates, poorer service, greater crowding and many of the comforts and conveniences entirely missing—but still you have not begun to find out what war really is.

In an illuminating article the Springfield Republican tells us that in England so far as the railroads monopolized for military use that "on one line in Lancashire persons planning a trip to the seaside have had to buy tickets two weeks ahead." In the London stations people have to stand

in long lines at the ticket offices hours before the starting of their trains. The number of trains is entirely inadequate for the accommodation of the public, and only their actual seating capacity is sold. There, people don't travel unless they have to. Here, travel keeps actually increasing in spite of higher rates, and the director general of railroads is publicly beseeching that all those stay at home who can—and do it as a public duty.

And again to further elaborate the contrast, the Rev. J. Stuart Hollein, a London clergyman who had made a hurried trip to this country, on leaving for home the other day, said: "America is feeling only a ripple on the surface."

"Please don't think that I fail to understand all that you are doing," said Dr. Hollein, "and all that you will do. But the war hasn't really disturbed your living deeply yet."

And he gave some illustrations to show what he meant. In his own church congregation, he said, he hasn't a man left under 51 years of age; they are in the military service.

There hasn't been a "pleasure car" manufactured in England since January, 1915.

Not a piano has been made within that period. "And I doubt," added the clergyman, "whether any has been sold."

"You can't buy an ordinary sack suit," he said, "such as this I have on. I've had this one five years."

And there are four million English women regularly employed in war industry.

Here in Missouri we pay taxes, buy liberty bonds and war savings stamps, complain about high prices and eagerly scan the reports from the fighting front, where our dear ones are. Our actual losses have been very few, where those of our allies have been enormous and devastating. And our living conditions are about the same as they were before we went to war, whereas the daily life of Europe's people has been revolutionized and there is hardly a home but is in mourning.

When we look abroad to see what others have suffered and sacrificed—men and women to whom the pleasures and comforts of life are as dear as to us—it should make us blush with shame to catch ourselves complaining.

When we think of the millions of men living and fighting in the trenches, men who have left their homes and callings, men whose families are shifting for themselves, men who are enduring all manner of pain and discomfort and deadly danger, who have been doing it for months—many of them for years—when we think of these we are that our own little sacrifices and inconveniences are trifling.

It is a terrible price that the free peoples of the world are called upon to pay to be made safe from the heavy, shameful yoke of autocratic and brutal militarism. But it is worth the price. Our own share of it, here in the United States, however great in itself has been small by comparison with that paid by our fellow men and women across the seas. However, much greater it may have to become before the victory is won it will be the test of our worthiness that we pay it ungrudgingly and without hesitation. He who stops to count and question the cost is as thoroughly and forever shamed as the man who would debate whether it was worth while to defend his home and the womenfolk in it against a fool and bestial assault.

HISTORY IS REPEATING ITSELF.

Possibly it may not have occurred as pointedly to the layman, but it has to the military man and to the student of military history that there are many features of the present great war which recall the processes of the great American conflict, 1861-1865.

It is not necessary to go back in review to the many other phases which might be compared, but coming down to the present time, it is likely that the German offensive beginning March 21 was the Gettysburg of the Kaiser's Pan-Kultur program. We would like to think that this grand push reached the highwater mark of the Potsdam gang even as Cemetery Ridge thus served Pickett, and that the Austrian rout in Italy might be likened to Grant's successful campaign about Vicksburg, which culminated in victory even on the same day that Meade threw Lee back from Pennsylvania.

Continuing the comparison, it would seem very probable that in Foch the Allies have found the Grant of the War.

From all that we are permitted to learn of him, he is a good deal like that silent hero of the Sixties. He is nothing for display; says little, but drives forward when the time for striking has arrived. Like Grant, he cheerfully ignores the possibility of defeat, it would seem. Still more like Grant, he has a stern but intensely human face—that of a thorough and charitable conqueror.

Grant planned many campaigns to harass the formidable foe. Just as

Foch has done. When Grant took the reins in the spring of '64 he started Banks and Butler and Sigel on expeditions intended to detract from Lee's defense, even as the Allied powers, probably under direction of Foch, are operating in the Murman and Siberian and Albanian territories. In the meantime Grant went to grips with Lee's Army of Northern Virginia in the Wilderness, and after a bloody duel which would have constituted defeat for any less determined commander, telegraphed back to Washington:

"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!"

This is just what Generalissimo Foch has said to the Allies, in deeds if not in words.

The war started on the French frontier, and that is where it will be ended.

Foch realizes this, and is "fighting it out on this line."

We like the true American nature of his operations and know that General Pershing, supporting him, must occasionally think of the silent Grant, with cigar clenched between his teeth, who acted and thought nothing less than:

"I have no terms other than immediate and unconditional surrender. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

GOLD MINES CLOSING.

Looks funny to you, don't it, to see gold mines closing—or at least getting ready to close down and cease production—right at the time that a great war is raging and when enormous amounts of money is needed?

And it will possibly seem funnier to you to hear it said that it would be a good thing for the country if they did—for it would lower prices—but such is the case.

It is now reported that there is danger that many gold mines which have had a regular production for many years, will have to close unless the government grants them a bonus. The reason is that the value of gold has so decreased in comparison with other things that the mines do not pay. Even the great Homestake mine in South Dakota is calling for aid. The Homestake produces, regularly, around \$7,000,000 worth of gold each year. A small army of men is employed in the operations of the mine. The price of wages and everything else connected with the mine has advanced nearly 100 per cent, but the government pays exactly the same price for the gold that it did before the war, and it is claimed that it does not pay the mine. There is what appears to be an inexhaustible vein in that mine and some years ago it was looked upon as a fortune for the owner as long as time lasted.

When some of the "gold bugs" were talking about the intrinsic value of gold and declaring that it never changed, economists tried to teach them some fundamental truths, but they would not listen. It might perhaps be a benefit to this country if all the gold mines should be closed, for that would check the increase in the amount of money in circulation and so help check the rise in prices. If prices go on rising it may be that these gold mines will close. It is not a "necessary occupation." It is said that some of the mines working on low grade ore have already closed.

THE MAN POWER BILL.

The cheapest and best way out of the war—to bring it to a victorious conclusion—was the passage of the man power bill this week by congress. This bill provides that we shall attack the enemy with an overwhelming force, and this bill passed, will do so. There is no doubt if General Foch had the men that the proposed legislation would supply, that he could break the German lines in many places during the next few weeks, not only on the western front, but there would be an advance from Archangel, from Vladivostok, on the Italian front and from Saloniki. He has not the men at present but by next April he will have them and soon after that the allies will dictate the terms of peace.

When those eighty divisions are over the sea, with their supplies, their guns and their ammunition and begin to move, that dream of world power which the Kaiser has been indulging for the last forty years will dissolve itself into thin air, and such action will be taken that neither he nor any other monarch will indulge in such dreams again. The Americans saved the day on the battle front, and as more millions roll into the fighting lines the allies will march on toward a victory that will make this world a fit place in which to live.

A COLLOSAL FAILURE.

As the days pass the more apparent becomes the complete failure of the Kaiser's naval campaign, especially the submarine part. That the big fleet should not be used is not so much of a surprise and that it has lain all through the war behind the big guns of the land fortifications is not to be wondered at, for if it ever ventured out it would be blown to

kingdom come in less time than it takes to write this.

The Kaiser has attempted to win the war without using his war ships with his submarine fleet. It has done some work of military importance, but the plan has been a most disastrous failure. Great armies and immense supplies of every character have been safely transported over 3,000 miles of ocean with losses that are utterly insignificant. The feeding of the millions in the allied countries has been accomplished and the promise is that they will be abundantly supplied in the future. The New York World in commenting on the situation says:

"It would be disheartening to the German people to know, if they were allowed to receive the information, that every six minutes a merchant vessel arrives at and another leaves an American port, and from North Atlantic sea ports one departs for Europe every forty minutes. This does not include vessels in the service of the army or navy. It does not take into account the transportation abroad of 1,450,000 American troops, over 300,000 of them in the last three months alone."

There never was a failure more complete than that of the plan to starve the allies and prevent the shipments of troops and supplies to Europe. The indications are that the German forces on land will meet with as complete failure as has the navy.

THAT "PATRIOTIC PRESS."

The day of the strictly partisan newspaper is passing. The time has come for papers to give praise where it is due and blame where blame is due, irrespective of politics. Only by speaking honestly for the welfare of the people can newspapers be of real service.

I want the help of the newspapers in carrying out a program for greater progress in Missouri.

That is what Gov. Gardner said among other things when he addressed the newspaper men of Missouri at a banquet given at the Seftalia fair last week—and possibly he meant it—but if he did and includes the general press, he is badly in need of help.

The fact is that the "strictly partisan newspaper" to which he refers is about the only brand of newspaper now that has a standing. The non-partisan rag is naught but a rag—and a dishonest one at that, for it stands for nothing, does for nothing, and is nothing. The possible little that it represents is that of self and self aggrandizement at no matter whose expense, just so that it helps its own interests.

One of the best illustrations of the "value" of such papers is shown right here in this congressional district in the primary just closed. The non-partisan papers in this district published fulsome, laudatory self written, and paid for articles to any extent that a candidate desired to pay for them and ran them in their columns without mark of any kind thereby classing them as the ideas and opinions of the editor—when they only represented the dollar mark.

"DEADLOCKS" THAT BREAK.

Of course "deadlocks" can be broken—they are like precedents made to be broken—and therefore the pet theory of these alleged "military writers" and "military experts" are nearing another demonstration of the unreliability of their predictions.

These self appointed "writers and experts" for a long time after the war broke out insisted that there could be no flanking operations. The German line extended from the English Channel to Switzerland and there was no possible way to get around either flank, so the war must be conducted by frontal attacks on both sides. Both sides dug in and the usual comment was that there was a "deadlock" with no possibility of anything but a fight to a finish from fortified positions. Later, since Foch has been in command, there have been flanking operations. They have been on the flanks of the strong positions held by Hindenburg, not of the whole line. Assaults have been made on the weaker positions and the Germans have to get out of their strongholds or be surrounded. According to the latest dispatches, that is what is happening to Bapaume. That stronghold has been flanked on both sides.

IDLER AND PROFITEER.

The basic principle on which we are operating necessitates profiteers, says the editor of the World's Work. He reasons thus: We are going to make up in money what we lacked in foresight and preparation. The line of least resistance in trying to stimulate labor is higher wages. In spite of high costs the labor in war industries is better off than in peace times. Laborers skilled and unskilled are, as a class, profiteers. They are profiteering by the war. But the public sense has diagnosed the situation correctly. It attaches its odium on labor that loafs, not on that which profits. The public enemy is not the munition worker who works steadily at unusual wages and makes a profit out of the war, but the laborer whose easy money induces him to loaf part of the time or to shift from job to job or the labor leader who uses the necessities of his country as an opportunity to foment strikes.

Now that Uncle Jawa D. has escaped taxation in Cleveland, Ohio, to

the extent of \$5,000,000, this year it would be appropriate in him to celebrate the event by adding another cent on to the price of coal oil, and to make it a good old-fashioned rouser by adding a penny to gasoline prices.

In the removal from St. Joseph of Attorney Edwin M. Swartz this city loses not only a good citizen and able attorney, but also a man who "kept the animals stirred up" more often than any other person who has lived on the Blacksnake Hills since the time of war governor Bob Stewart.

The merchants of St. Joseph have now on exhibit one of the largest, finest and best displays of fall and winter goods—and they are going to sell them—for the prices they have fixed are right and are lower for quality considered than those of any other city along the river.

General March's announcement this week that we now have over 1,600,000 American soldiers in Europe will cause the Kaiser to revise his figures, and also cause him to wish that this summer he had not told the German people that the "Americans could not get across."

Jeanette Rankin of Montana, now that she was fairly and squarely defeated for the nomination for senator, has announced that she will run independent. That shows about how the women will respect political rights when they get the ballot.

If the I Won't Work fellows are at the bottom of the Chicago bomb outrage, but short shrift should be given them. This, above all others, is not the time when internal disturbance should be bred and fostered in the United States.

It is too bad that some way cannot be found to increase the pay of the firemen and keep many of them from going out of the city's service. St. Joseph has a good fire department and it would be a pity to disturb Chief Kane's good organization.

Despite the fact that a war is on and there are "no Republican politics" the G. O. P. leaders in Kansas are claiming that they will elect all eight congressmen from that state—which the Democrats will see that they do not do.

Now-a-days when a man high up makes a statement which he afterwards finds he cannot sustain, he lays it on the newspapers—and they, poor souls, stand for his vagaries.

Despite the reports of high sounding def's issued by the heads of the German war machine, the real advance of our American boys goes steadily forward.

Bishop Patterson may condemn the young women who smoke—but that is all the good that it will do him—the young woman of today will smoke if she wants to.

The list of dead and wounded grows longer each day, but this city has so far escaped with but little loss—which it is hoped will continue to be the case.

The Savannah fair association seem to play in hard luck with the weather, but they are not kickers or squealers and go steadily ahead with the show.

It is all right for the afternoon paper to tell the people how to vote, etc.—but it is poor advice—as every one who votes as it designates loses.

The evil deeds who feared the wrath of the federal judge will have cause to rejoice now that court has been postponed for a week.

Somehow or other we do not hear much grief expressed here over the fact that Henry Ford was not nominated in Michigan.

Cut down on your auto gasoline yet? If not, do so for if you do not do so voluntarily, some one will do it for you.

Of course you had to send over to your "uncle" when that cold snap hit here Tuesday and get your overcoat.

If your coal is not in yet you had better get busy. The last few days have told you what to expect later.

We may not raise as much corn this year as last, but we raised more wheat—which made up the difference.

The New York milk dealers were forced to cut their price in half—why not try it here in St. Joseph?

The coming week is one to try the souls of young St. Joseph—the annual school year opens.

St. Joseph manufacturers are after war contracts—and they will get them, too.

The Gordon's clan will gather at Myers Grove next Sunday—and then—

Senator Gore is doomed—the News-Press says he shall not be re-elected.

What the Missouri Editors Are Saying

How About It, Girls?

There is no man shortage in Brookfield. We understand there are about thirty applicants for the postoffice there.—Milan Standard.

The Reason Spell "Potsdam" Reversed

Potsdam, Mo., is to be called "Pershing." Now what has Pershing done to justify this outrage upon his good name?—Booneville Advertiser.

Each One a Vital Factor.

The men who are helping to thrash wheat and the men who are helping to thrash Germany are equally useful to their country.—Marshfield Chronicle.

What Does That Editor Mean?

We are told women's skirts are to be worn higher and naturally as prices continue to soar, men pants will be worn longer.—Booneville Advertiser.

Marriage Doesn't Save Them!

The new draft law did not stimulate the marriage market any in Gentry county, as there has been no marriage licenses issued during the past week.—Albany Ledger.

Todd Spared "Maria" Though.

Everything is on a war basis now and a tomato whom we dispersed by a sharp thrust yesterday came down off the back yard fence in a spinning nose dive.—Democrat-Forum.

Sure is a Tough Town!

It has been suggested that after the war is over the Allied armies be sent to Kansas City to kill off the thugs and crooks that are allowed to infest the town.—Democrat-Forum.

Evidently Were Not Dachshunds!

Joe Cheatham, who is a great lover of dogs, would like to have the name of the party who left four puppies at his home one night last week. He desires to thank him.—Slater Rustler.

Thought He Was in "K. C."

He came to town today. He was a kicker. He was looking for "service" at a hotel. The idea of a man expecting service in anything these war times. Forget it, old man.—Brookfield Daily Argus.

No Use to Dispute That!

Perhaps the fellow who claims he voted three times for Roosevelt or Bryan can secure exemption from further war duty on the ground that he is a mental and moral pervers.—Booneville Advertiser.

"Shin" Has "Horse Sense!"

J. S. Shinsbarger likes Maryville better than he does Washington for if he didn't he would have accepted the Republican nomination for congress. Sherm could have beaten Charles Booher with hands down.—Hopkins Journal.

You're Right, Bro., You're There!

About the most worthless thing now that can be given anybody is a Republican nomination for anything. This is Democratic year in Missouri. In the United States and throughout the whole civilized world.—Booneville Advertiser.

There's a Reason! ! !

There never was such suburbanites as the Yanks. They are always being reported as visiting the suburbs of some French city. The next day we learn they have gone down town, and the Germans moved to the country.—Platte County Landmark.

Second the Motion.

We make a motion that hereafter the chautauqua management use soft pine in making seats, and we feel there will be plenty of seconds from those who have been occupying the hard ones up by the school house the past few days.—Hopkins Journal.

Hell's Too Cold For Them!

The I. W. W.'s have long had the reputation of being the Industrial Shirkers of the World. Now their representatives (just convicted in Chicago) will work—at Leavenworth or elsewhere.—Platte County Landmark.

Lucky to be Alive!

Personal—The Rich Hill laboring man who found a pocketbook containing \$1,500 and returned it to the loser, who did not offer him even a dime of reward, would like to have the same man lose some more money where he can find it.—Milan Standard.

Attention, Andrew and Buchanan Counties!

The Hearst papers are coming in for a swat. The Brooklyn news dealer refuse to handle them, also the Linn County Council of Defense has taken action against the Hearst publications, charging pro-Germanism.—Chillicothe Constitution.

Stop! Look! Listen!

The calf started down the road, dragging the farmer along by the

neek. The farmer in the picture says, "Stop us, somebody—damn our fool souls." The farmer would have been spared some anguish if he had thought for a moment before hooking up with the bull calf.—Democrat-Forum.

Be Acts, Others Palaver.

We wish everybody would get as patriotic as Clyde Masterman, one of our Paris barbers. He seldom has anything to say about winning the war, but whenever there is a call for money he cracks down at a rate that makes some of the noisier patriots look like the hole in a doughnut.—Paris Appeal.

Shooting Straight, Too!

This one is too good to keep. A friend of ours from the Hawkeye state made the assertion that old Missouri was sending her entire output of lead and zinc to Germany. Of course we emphatically denied the truth of the assertion and indignantly demanded an explanation. The answer "She is shipping the metal to France and shooting it the rest of the way.—Albany Ledger.

It Was Ever So!

The defeat of L. E. Smith reminds a Blue Springs man of this story: Some years ago a committee joyfully informed another Jackson county candidate that the Commercial Club, with more than fifteen hundred members, unanimously had endorsed him. "That's all right," he replied gloomily. "It's nice to have a promise of support from 1500 business men. But I'd rather have a promise from two men I knew would get out and vote for me."—Hopkins Journal.

Helped That \$7,000 Deficit!

D. Chance, home address unrecorded, chanced to drive through the streets today taking a chance on one license tag on his automobile being sufficient to entitle him to right of way. Deputy Sheriff Leo Atherton chanced to discover the discrepancy and caused his arrest. It was no chance, however, that he was arraigned before Justice W. L. Johnson and fined \$25 and costs, making the total cost of being minus a second license tag, \$24.15.—Democrat-Forum.

The Kansas City Shy-Nasty.

The Kansas City Star proves its degeneracy into the class of petty personal organs by the wall it sends up over its failure to dictate the nominee of the Democratic party in the Third Congressional District. Last Friday's edition of this twinkler contained over a half column editorial of the veriest rot berating Democrats of this district because they had repudiated the misrepresentations and twaddle the Star had published regarding Judge Alexander. It was an appeal to prejudice and a reflection on the intelligence of the Democratic voters of the district who had expressed their desires, by their ballots, in no uncertain tones and said by a very substantial majority that they are with the administration in this year and approve the action of their representative in Congress in standing by Woodrow Wilson. And that is what hurts the Star! During the campaign the columns of this organ were open to the opposition to Judge Alexander. Anything they sent in or manifested a desire to have published was run in its columns. Its editorial policy was theirs for the asking and without stint or apparent regard for facts was warped and twisted to suit every emergency. To have believed the Star there was nothing to it but crushing and humiliating defeat for Judge Alexander—and his chief opponent was heralded as a magnificent Moses come to lead an oppressed and misguided people out of bondage. Unable to find a serious flaw in the private, public or official life of Judge Alexander on which to base its opposition the Star resorted to silly twaddle and the peanut methods of a "village daily" with an axe to grind. What a spectacle for a paper that lays claim to being "one of the greatest journals in the world?" Its editorial on the "Gallatin Dynasty" was in keeping with its other evidences of degeneracy. In fact it was looked upon by many as a very flimsy excuse for and defense of the publication of that "special" from Gallatin published in the Sunday Star of the 4th inst. which proved a boomerang and which is believed by many to have had its origin in the office of the Star—at least practically all the parties whose names were signed to it later denied that they had signed it. But what difference does it make to the Star? It was an assault on Judge Alexander—without warrant of fact, it was proven—and that is what the twinkler was looking for and what it was trying to put over on intelligent people. Could this Kansas City Shy-nasty have encomended the defeat of Judge Alexander we doubt not that it would have gloated over the trick it put over on friends of the administration and have recited the plaudits of the "strikers" against the government in this present crisis. But it failed—and failing, zeals like a whipped flea.—Gallatin Democrat.